

C A R O L I N E,

OR

The Happy Marriage;

BEING A

P O E M

ADDRESSED

TO HIS

ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE OF WALES

ON HIS

INTENDED NUPTIALS

WITH

PRINCESS CAROLINE OF BRUNSWICK.

BY W. H. TOMKINSON, Esq. F. C. TRIN. COLL. CAMBRIDGE.

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51

P R E F A C E.

IT might be expected that to this small publication I should add a Preface, either to deprecate the rage of criticism, or to plead some excuse for thus obtruding myself on public notice; the latter the nature of my subject renders unnecessary, the former I shall not endeavour to appease, as I expect and I solicit its exercise; as thence I shall be more able at a future time, to sing in worthy strain, the noble deeds which will surely attend the subject of my present small and humble panegyric.

C A R O L I N E;

The Happy Marriage.

IN various stations, and in ranks of life,
Some seek for ease, and some delight in strife ;
And men are made by Nature's kindly skill,
With diff'rent pow'rs the different posts to fill :
Let all, then, each survey and thence discern,
Which station most befits his nat'r al turn.
Let boist'rous Natures plough the stormy main,
Scorn ev'ry peril, every fear for gain.

Intent on this, meet death in ev'ry form,
 Hazard each peril, and contemn each storm,
 In hopes when dangers and when toils are o'er,
 To cast his anchor on this happy shore ;
 Here truly free and independent live,
 And taste the joys that pow'r and wealth can give.
 Let quiet minds prefer the charms of ease,
 And harmless pleasures that for ever please ;
 Attend the bow'r where warblers of the grove
 Pour the wild notes that melt the soul to love ;
 Whence such a softness steals upon the mind,
 As lifts weak Man to vie with angel kind.
 Let giddy minds to reason's just controul,
 Preferring joys which enervate the soul,
 Who all the devious ways of vice embrace,
 And urge for victor in the thorny race,
 Continue still to praise the road of Woe,
 Continue still that hapless road to know ;

Fix all their hopes on quickly fading bliss,
 Heedless a better world succeeds to this ;
 Die without Hope, without a glimmering ray
 Of future bliss to cheer their parting day..
 Let Hermits, shelter'd in the peaceful cave,
 Exulting, cry, " True happiness we have !"
 Who dream in beads, in silence, and repose,
 They taste the choicest blessings Heaven bestows ;
 Dure in the happy thought and still enjoy
 Peace undisturb'd and life without alloy ;
 Let studious Natures, Wisdom's darling youth,
 Those close, those sharp observers of the Truth ;
 Pour o'er the Lamp and give or throw away
 Health, blessed health, for Wisdom's cheering ray.
 Let high-born souls, enflam'd with heavenly fire,
 To earthly honors and to wealth aspire,
 Soar on proud Hope to catch the rays of Fame,
 And nobly—dare to raise a deathless name,

Scorn the dull life of indolence and rest,
 Nor deem the Hermit or the *fellow* blest,
 Who mark the Shrub by nature taught to bow,
 Screen'd in the storm which lays the mighty low.
 The flexible Willow, like experienc'd age,
 Not torn by yielding to the tempest's rage ;
 Observe the Oak extended on the plain,
 While living still the humble Reeds remain ;
 But mark as well that Honour still attends
 The Oak that tumbles, not the Reed that bends ;
 Note Death at last devours and seizes all,
 Nor less the humble than the mighty fall ;
 Regard how small the time exceeds of those
 Who dye by Nature, or who fall by Foes ;
 Then steer their course to seek the honour'd goal
 Which suits their genius, which demands their soul ;
 Profuse of life their darling still pursue,
 Still keep the flying phantom in their view ;

'Tis

'Tis these deserve our praise, as here abound
 The gulphs, the dangers, and the treacherous ground.
 These who defend our laws, protect our weal,
 And guard the welfare we so choicely feel :
 To these is Honour due—as these bestow
 Their private bliss to make us blessings know :
 'Mongst whom the highest post, supremely great,
 The second honour of the British State ;
 Fair Nature chose for thee, oh ! Prince Divine ;
 Oh Prince ! illustrious most of Brunswick's Line ;
 A post of perils ever from thy birth,
 A post requiring most peculiar worth ;
 For all thy deeds did envy's form survey,
 And dragg'd each blacken'd error into day.
 Once round thy form did sycophants attend,
 And all thy follies, all thy faults commend ;
 Talk'd of the daisies fair of pleasure's ground,
 How gay each scene, how rapturous all around,

Induc'd thy mind to quit fair virtue's way,
 And in the softer paths of pleasure stray ;
 Still while full mirth employ'd the jocund hour,
 And Vice display'd her fascinating pow'r ;
 Still a small gleam of Virtue spread its ray,
 And bid us wait for thy maturer day ;
 Alternate Vice and Virtue you display'd,
 That rais'd our fears, and this our fears allay'd ;
 Anxious we fear'd Nature mistook her plan,
 And when she made the Prince forgot the Man.
 At last thy virtue shone, dispell'd the cloud,
 And clear'd around the adulating crowd,
 Confirm'd our hopes, display'd thy powers divine,
 Shew'd Vice was their's, and Virtue's form was thine :
 So when an anxious parent's care sustains
 To full grown man some offspring of his loins,
 Some noble youth, whose innate pow'rs presage,
 Wisdom's fair form will sure attend his age ;

Should such the boisterous floods deprive of breath,
 Or seem to clasp in the cold arms of death ;
 Alas ! what griefs, what woes must he sustain,
 How great his anguish, how severe his pain !
 But should physician's skill again impart
 The vital throbbing to the silent heart :
 Ecstatic pleasures now transport his mind,
 And in the joys of Heaven he feels reclin'd ;
 So to the people shone thy blest retreat,
 So high with joy the gladden'd senses beat,
 And Nature shew'd that she exerted skill
 In choosing thee the arduous post to fill :
 She chose thee, mighty Prince, whose innate pow'rs
 Excite the wonder of the mortal bowers ;
 Thee in whose form all virtues stand confess'd,
 And Heaven beholds her image in thy breast.
 A Prince, who's skill'd, when grateful peace bestows
 The golden Reign of Virtue,—to disclose

The

The milder arts that humanize mankind,
 And man to man in close connection bind ;
 When fierce Bellona mounts the blood-stain'd car,
 Or when the maddening nations haste to war,
 To lead the battle, to conduct the field,
 To guard the rampart, or the town to shield,
 Indeed so skill'd in all that man can gain,
 And more than common man can e'er attain,
 That envy's eyes tho' fix'd so sharp on thee,
 Scarce in thy conduct can a blemish see :
 When frail humanity reviews thy name,
 She'll doubt almost thy parentage to claim ;
 Such art thou, mighty Prince ! and such may prove
 The beauteous fair one plighted to thy love ;
 Her to convey across the dangerous main,
 You sent the noble, and the gallant Payne,
 The Friend of Howe, to Britons ever dear,
 Whom Heaven might well contemplate and revere ;

For

For sure in him the Gods design'd to shew
 Their own resemblance to the World below !
 One charm she has, which bids us to divine
 In each perfection she must truly shine ;
 She boasts a stem from whence, as Britons know,
 Most good, most virtuous offspring ever flow ;
 Too I wou'd sing the joys of married life,
 And the dear comfort of a loving wife ;
 What bliss ecstatic you'll receive and give
 When in the arms of Caroline you live ;
 Whence may you propagate a kingly race
 To glad a people, and a monarch grace ;
 To give us hopes that when your fate denies
 You longer should desert your native skies,
 A Prince may rule us of thy honor'd line,
 Like thee illustrious, and like thee divine.
 But, oh, alas ! conjecture it must be,
 Since ne'er those pleasures greet unhappy me.

Barr'd in a college, fix'd to college rules,
 And vex'd with jokes, with discipline and fools.
 Me ne'er a friendly wife salutes at home,
 Nor, joyous, bids me never, never roam ;
 None kind I know to soothe oppressive care,
 None pleas'd with me the nuptial rights to share ;
 Ne'er spent I nights careffing and caref's'd,
 Nor laid reclin'd upon the fair one's breast,
 Breath'd on her lips, nor ever did I lay,
 Kill'd by the pow'rs of Love's dissolving play.
 I claim no children, nor an offsprong dear,
 Who climb the knee their mother's bliss to share ;
 Who lispe forth blessings, and with wordless whine,
 For cheering smiles upon my breast recline.
 These to enjoy forbids my cruel fate,
 Then how can I the blissful scenes relate !
 Or how can I in proper words reveal
 The choicest blessings you so soon shall feel !

When beauteous Caroline the good, the fair,
 With thee conjoin'd, the nuptial rights shall share ;
 Which day shall glad* your subjects minds, who place
 Their happiness in that of Brunswick's race,
 To honour which all Europe shall combine,
 And round York's standard all their armies join ;
 E'en Russia's savage queen to honour thee
 Shall bid her legions crofs the German Sea ;
 Shall join with us to conquer brutal France,
 And bid fair reason with our force advance :
 Bind the wild miscreants who o'erthrew the throne,
 And bid their forfeit life their deeds atone :
 Then peace again shall hold her golden sway,
 And willing subjects goodly kings obey ;
 And men unite to guard those holy laws,
 Which merit England's and mankind's applause :

* The Day of the Marriage.

Since

Since Hardy, Thelwall, Tooke's immortal cause
 Prove none above, and none below the laws.
 Around their structure every heart shall twine,
 To guard its safety ev'ry hand combine :
 And that of George who in this happy land,
 Now guides the gentle sceptre of command ;
 By whose example kings may learn to sway,
 Heroes to fight, and holy saints to pray.
 Whom, when the gods and when the fates ordain,
 Earth and his realms no longer shall retain ;
 Yet still shall live beyond the silent grave,
 And deathless be the name thy Sire will have,
 While for the loss consoled will England be,
 In knowing George surviving still in thee ;
 And Caroline, like Charlotte, live to shew,
 From Brunswick's line still goodly offspring flow.